

Sad Song by KeepCalmandLoveStrangerThings

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Summary: She knew those 4 steps would change her life. But she walked in anyway. That's when she saw him. The person she had been waiting for 353 painful days to see. Mirror of "Perfect" in Eleven's POV. Songfic. One shot.

Sad Song

Hellooooo! It's me! I am writing another Mileven songfic! Yayyyyyy! This one is going to be in Eleven's point of view! Yayyyyyy! Warning: this is really deep. Like, REALLY deep and it's stupid and probably sucks, but oh well. Just gonna break down the fonts:

Bold- intro or outro

Bold and italicized - song lyric

Regular- Eleven's thoughts or narration

Italicized- flashback

This is to the song Sad Song by We the Kings ft. Elena Coats. I know that it isn't one hundred percent accurate, but oh well. This takes place basically when Eleven shows up in Joyce's house in Season 2. Wanna see Mike's point of view? Go check out my other songfic, Perfect!

This is mirroring "Perfect" which is my other songfic. In that songfic, I added several snippets of dialogue that were not in the show. They will also be present here. Again, all song lyric credits go to We the Kings and all characters, ideas and lines are created by the Duffer Brothers. Only the thoughts in Eleven's head belong to me! Enjoy!

You and I, we're like fireworks and symphonies exploding in the sky

She knew he was in there. She had waited 353 days to see him. 353 days. But she knew that if someone told her, "You will be able to see him eventually, just in 1000 days," she would have waited, every day. Just for the promise of seeing him. She tried to open the door. Locked. She put out an arm, and the lock unlocked. The door swung open. He was in there. This wasn't the appearance she hoped to make, hair slicked back, clothes that were unfamiliar, and quite frankly, uncomfortable, but it was an appearance. She wasn't sure what it was that she felt whenever she was with him. She couldn't explain it. She could only describe it using things that she had seen.

"BOOM!" Eleven jumped, looking around anxiously. That sound... it reminded her of gunfire. She glanced at Hopper in alarm. "Relax, kid. It's just the fireworks." She tilted her head. "Fireworks?" "How about that as your word of the day?" Hopper crossed over to her perch on the couch. "Do you know what day it is?" "Day 235." "Other than that," Hopper sighed. Eleven shook her head. "It's July 4. Do you know what that means?" She shook her head again. "It's America's birthday. So they light fireworks every July 4th," Hopper explained. "What do fi-re-works look like?" Eleven asked, pronouncing each syllable carefully. "Well, they look-they look-," Hopper sighed, stood up and crossed over to the window. He looked both ways, then turned back to Eleven. "Alright, kid. C'mere. I'll let you see one firework. One. Then you go straight back to the couch. Understand?" "Yes," Eleven answered, running over to the window. She looked up at the dark night sky, as another boom echoed throughout the forest. A gold and red burst exploded, leaving trails of color behind. "Wow..." Eleven gasped, breathlessly. "Alright. Now get back inside and go to sleep. It's getting late," Hopper told her, and she ran back to her comfy couch to sleep, and dream of fireworks, eggos and Mike."

Fireworks were one of the most amazing things she had seen. The way she felt when she saw that one firework... that was how she felt whenever she was with Mike. They were like fireworks.

With you, I'm alive

She had always known that Mike was different than the rest of them. Dustin and Lucas made her laugh, but with Mike... she felt... accepted. Not just accepted... but treasured. Like she meant something. Mike gave her a home, and more importantly, hope. With Mike, she felt different. Happy. She would do anything to feel that way again. Anything.

-NARRATION-

She walked through the now wide open door. She couldn't know what to expect. She knew that there could be horrible things in there. That she might be shot out of instinct. Every cell inside her told her that this was a bad idea. But she filled with rage. Rage, at losing someone that she... loved. Loved. Rage at being held back, restrained, for 326 days. Rage, at this girl who dare show up and try to steal Mike from her. Rage, that the bad men took her childhood, her

mother, away from her. Rage, at finding her sister, someone who understood her, and then having to leave her. Rage, at herself, for not being able to put the people to hurt her in their rightful place. Rage at the world. She inhaled sharply, and she knew what she needed to do. She took 4 steps in through the doorway, fury and determination plastered on her face. Those 4 steps, she knew would change her life. She scanned the faces looking at her in amazement. A boy she didn't recognize, looking at her with confusion. Nancy, mouth slightly open, gun at her side. That girl, with the orange hair, her expression mixed with confusion and fear. It comforted her that she could get rid of this girl with a snap of her head if she came between her and Mike. Joyce and Jonathan, still clinging to each other, eyes wide. Dustin and Lucas, faces frozen in shock. Hopper, his hardened expression softening as he lowered his gun. All of them that she knew, in one way or another, other than the teenager in the back, standing right in front of her. But none of them were the one she was looking for. All of a sudden, out of the corner of her eye, to the right of Hopper, she saw him. Mike. He had grown taller... more pretty. No, handsome. That was the word. Then the pain, the hurt, all collapsed down on her and she remembered that Mike was here. Mike, who she had waited 353 days to see. He was here.

-ENDOFNARRATION-

Like all the missing pieces of my heart they finally collide

Those 353 days were the worst days of her life. They seemed like some special form of torture created just for her. When she was without him... her heart was broken, and in those worst moments, those moments where she felt desperately alone, full of rage and frustration, she wasn't sure that she would ever find those broken pieces. But now... as she looked at him, tears in her eyes, she knew, she knew, that she would heal. She would heal.

-NARRATION-

"Eleven..." Mike murmured, walking towards her. Still in shock and disbelief, she did the one thing she could. "Mike!" She whispered, running towards him and launching herself into his arms. And she wanted to hold on to him forever.

-ENDOFNARRATION-

So stop time right here in the moonlight

She wanted to stop time right here. With their arms around each other, without anyone else. Just the two of them. If she could stop time, she would stop it right here so that she would never let go.

Cause I don't ever wanna close my eyes

She was afraid to close her eyes, even for a moment, because she was afraid that when she opened them again, he would be gone and she would be alone again. She didn't want to be alone. Most importantly, she didn't want to forget him.

Without you, I feel broke, like I'm half of a whole

Those days without him felt... empty. Broken. Like a part of her was missing. She was broken, alone, and cold even after Hopper found her, gave her a home. In the upside down, even though she was only there for less than an hour, she kept calling his name. After the first times, she knew that he wasn't there, that he wasn't going to answer. But she was scared. Scared that if she stopped, she would wake up in the lab with Papa, by herself again. That he would be gone.

Without you, I've got no hand to hold

The thing that puzzled her was that she had lived with nothing for 12 years. Why couldn't she stand alone again? Why did she need Mike's hand to pull her up? She went months wondering this. Why? Why? Why? But one night, after visiting him on day 205, she realized. He had made her the person that she was. Without him, she would have been the scared, broken little girl that she was. Without him, she would have died. Without him... she would not know what a friend was. Without him, she had no one.

Without you, I feel torn, like a sail in a storm

When she was without him, she wasn't just broken apart. She was ripped apart. Ripped apart by the pain, the desperate longing that had lingered inside of her. Papa was right. She did have a wound. But she knew, in his embrace, that just like her heart, her wound would

heal. They would heal together.

-NARRATION-

After what seemed like an eternity but mere seconds at the same time, they broke apart, but still holding on to each other. Mike smiled at her.

"I called you every night. Every night for-"

"353 days," she finished, knowing what was to come. "I heard." A look of confusion and hurt flashed across his face. A look that broke her heart, a look that she wanted with every fiber of her being to fix, to never let show.

"Why didn't you tell me you were there?" he asked. How was she going to explain this? "That you were ok?" She opened her mouth to speak, but Hopper stepped in.

"Because I wouldn't let her," Hopper stated, stepping towards her. "The hell is this? Where have you been?"

"Where have you been?" she shot back. He wrapped an arm around her, and she leaned in to hug him.

"You've been hiding her," Mike said quietly. Hopper simply ignored him. "You've been hiding her this whole time!" Mike yelled, shoving Hopper. Hopper whirled around and grabbed Mike by the collar.

"Hey!" Hopper shouted, pulling Mike closer. "Let's talk," Hopper stated forcefully, "Alone." Mike looked at Hopper, pure disgust in his eyes. They both went into another room. She didn't want this. Though she knew that Mike could not do much to hurt Hopper, at least physically, she still worried about both of them. She knew that Mike would say things that might hurt Hopper internally, and Mike... well, she was always worried about Mike. But she couldn't do anything but watch, tears still in her eyes.

She heard Mike screaming, "Protecting her. PROTECTING HER?"

Hopper simply replied, "Listen to me. The more people know about her the more danger she's in." Then the door slammed shut. Although

the walls of the house were not very thick, and she could easily listen if she wanted to, she simply turned her attention to the people in front of her. Lucas and Dustin stepped forward, and she wrapped her arms around both of them.

"We missed you," Lucas told her, all three of them still holding on.

"I missed you too," she replied plainly, simply because there was no other way to describe it.

"We talked about you pretty much every day," Dustin added as they broke apart. She stared at him. Something was... different. She instinctively reached towards his mouth and tried to open it. He pulled away from her, confused.

"Teeth," she explained.

"What?" he asked, still confused.

"You have teeth," she clarified.

Dustin grinned and responded happily, "Oh. You like these pearls?" Then he made this strange purring noise that she was not 100% sure if it was him or an animal that was making that noise. Lucas simply shook his head.

"Eleven?" a new voice asked, bringing her out of her daze. She turned to see that girl with the orange hair. The girl with the strange wheeled contraption. The girl she was sure was trying to steal Mike. "Hey. Um, I'm Max," the girl smiled, extending out her arm for what she assumed must be a handshake. "I've heard a lot about you." It took her all she could to not break this girl's neck in half. She simply walked right past the girl, bumping against her shoulder as she passed. She walked over to Joyce, the woman who, despite only knowing for several hours, she looked up to as a mother. They wrapped their arms around each other.

"Hey... Hey, sweetheart," Joyce whispered. When they pulled away, Joyce took a good look at her, whispering again, "Hey."

"Can I see him?" she asked, shakily. Joyce led her down the hall to a door, gesturing for her to go ahead. She was sure that what she

would see would be bad. But she just didn't know how bad exactly. When she walked in, her first thought was that this was not Will. Mike had photos of Will. This was not Will. The boy in the bed had no cheeks flushed with color. The boy in the bed did not have bright, green, happy eyes. The boy in the bed did not have a smile on that made it look like he was the happiest kid in the world. But then she remembered what the upside down did to her. She was in there for a few minutes, and she was left cold, alone, and hopeless. Will was in there for a week. And that's when she knew that the boy in the bed was Will.

"He's not doing well..." Joyce murmured, looking at the young girl.

"I know," she stated. "I saw."

"What else did you see?" Joyce asked, leaning forward. She simply looked back at Joyce, and Joyce quickly led her to the dining table, where a piece of cardboard that read "CLOSEGATE" in big red letters.

"You opened this gate before, right?" Joyce questioned, frantically.

"Yes," she replied, knowing the question that was to come.

"Do you think if we got you back there, that you could close it?" She looked at Joyce. She was determined she could do it. She could do it. They all gathered around the table, as she told them that she could close the gate.

"It's not like it was before. It's grown," Hopper objected. "A lot. And, I mean, that's considering we can even get in there. That place is crawling with those dogs." Dustin went on about demodogs, but she didn't really listen. If it had grown, that meant she would need more energy. Lots of energy. Energy that she didn't currently have. But she was still sure she could do it.

"I can do it," she assured Hopper. Hopper shook his head.

"You're not hearing me-"

"I'm hearing you," she insisted. "I can do it."

"Even if El can, there's still another problem." He went on, but she

didn't really listen. That word- if. Did he doubt her? Or did he not believe it because he didn't want to lose her? As much as she hoped it was the latter, she was almost sure that it wasn't. She listened back in.

"I mean, if El closes the gate and kills the mind flayer's army..." Mike trailed off. There was that word again. If.

"Will's a part of that army," Lucas muttered as the realization hit him.

"Closing the gate will kill him," Mike finished. All of a sudden, she wasn't so sure she could do it. They all split up. Joyce, Jonathan and Nancy decided that they would go to Hopper's house to burn the Mind Flayer out. Hopper and El would go close the gate, and Mike, Lucas, Dustin, Max and Steve would stay at the house. Mike led her to the porch, where they stood, tears in their eyes.

"Just be careful, alright?" Mike murmured carefully. "I can't lose you again." That was when she knew, in her heart that he said if because of the second reason.

"You won't lose me," she answered him, shaking her head. He wouldn't lose her, but would she lose him? She knew Mike, he was not going to sit there on the sidelines while his friends were risking their lives.

"Do you promise?" he questioned, voice shaking. She knew that this was a promise that she might break. But she needed to promise. She believed that if you made a promise, you could not let it down. But she knew that as long as she tried, the promise would bring her all the way.

"Promise," she whispered. They began to lean closer, closer, closer, but Hopper's voice broke both the moment and the silence.

"El. C'mon, let's go. It's time." Hopper yelled over. She looked back at Mike, wanting that the gate would close itself, that she could just stay here, with Mike, forever. Mike smiled a small smile and nodded. She turned away and walked towards the car, unsure of what was to come. As the car began to lumber away, she looked back at Mike, who had tears in his eyes. She knew, that at the end of the day, she

would come back to Mike. She promised.

-ENDOFNARRATION-

Without you, I'm just a sad song, I'm just a sad song

One of her favorite things that she had discovered at Hopper's house, other than television and triple-decker Eggo extravaganzas, were songs. The sweet notes, as she now knew they were called, could make her laugh and cry all the time.

She flicked on the radio, blindfold in hand. She flicked through the channels, hoping to find static, but midway through, she heard her favorite song, Footloose, coming to an end. She listened to the end, and a new song came on. It made her... feel things. She wasn't sure what the emotion was. She went over to her word book, and flipped to the feelings section. Not happy, not angry... sad. That is what it was. It made her feel empty inside. That is how she always was. That is how she was without Mike.

Without Mike, she had just a sad melody. No harmonies, no other instruments. Just a soft piano, playing away notes of sorrow. Without Mike, she was a sad song.

-NARRATION-

The gate was closed... finally. After all the suffering it had caused, it was finally over. All of it. A month passed, El in Hopper's cabin, Mike, Dustin, Lucas, Will and Max going to school. As winter came again, she and Hopper learned and laughed. The first snows fell, and that was when she was reminded of the promise Mike made over a year ago.

"And... we can go to the Snowball," Mike smiled, clutching her trembling hands in his. "Promise?" she whispered, trying not to sob out of exhaustion and emotion. "Promise," he murmured, looking at her. And they were both scared, and unsure, but they had each other. They had each other.

She called out, "Hopper?"

"Yeah, kid?" came the gruff reply.

"When is the Snowball?" she asked, looking outside the window. Hopper turned and poked his head out from the kitchen.

"What?"

"When is the Snowball?" she repeated again.

"Why do you need to know?" Hopper questioned her.

"Last year. Mike promised," she told him, still watching the weather channel that showed the snow.

"What exactly did Mike promise?" Hopper asked, moving over to sit next to her on the couch.

"That he and I would go together," she replied simply, looking back at him.

"I'm gonna kill that kid..." Hopper muttered under his breath. "I'm gonna kill him." Turning his attention back to El, he sighed and said, "I think it's either this Saturday or next Saturday. But that, under no circumstances, means you can go."

"But... Mike promised. I already broke that promise. And a promise is something you can't break," she murmured.

"I know. Listen, I'll ask around, but just don't be surprised if the answer is no," Hopper told her, softly. El nodded, and turned her attention back to the weather, which didn't seem so interesting anymore.

-1 WEEK LATER-

"Hey, kid! C'mere, I got some news for you," Hopper called out as he entered the house. "Kid, where are you?" he asked again, searching for a sign of her. Then he saw the closed door, and the wire leading into her room. He sighed loudly and took a seat on the couch. "Well, I guess that you won't get the chance to see Mike!" He automatically heard shuffling around, and the door swung open.

"What is the news?" El asked, taking a seat on the couch next to him.

"Well, I talked to Dr. Owens, and he said that you could go to the snowball," Hopper smiled at her now quickly widening grin.

"Really?" El asked excitedly.

"Yup!" Hopper grinned at her excitement. "Listen, I'm gonna ask Nancy to come over, give you a dress and do your hair. But that's one night only. Understand?" El nodded and threw her arms around her. Hopper grunted in surprise.

"Thank you," El murmured.

"Of course."

-DAY OF THE SNOWBALL-

She was ready. Nancy had swung by, getting her ready. When she emerged from her room, Hopper got teary-eyed.

El giggled, and Hopper objected, "Just allergies." But they both knew different.

-2 HOURS LATER-

It was time. She wasn't a hundred percent sure what to expect. She walked into the large ballroom, not expecting the large mass of people crowded together. She searched the room for a sign of him, his dark hair that fell into his eyes, his freckles. She looked at all the people, dancing in pairs, scanning the gym for him. Then she found him. He was standing up, staring at her in a way that made butterflies float around in her stomach. She gave him a small smile as they began to walk towards each other.

"You look beautiful," Mike complimented her. She blushed. "Do you want to dance?" he asked her, looking around the room. Dancing. Something Hopper had told her about. She wasn't sure exactly what it was.

"I... don't know how," she confessed quietly, slightly scared of the reaction.

"I don't either," Mike reassured her. "Do you wanna figure it out?" She

nodded as he led her out to the dance floor. He lifted her hands to wrap around his shoulders, and placed his around her waist. And they began to dance.

-ENDOFNARRATION-

With you, I fall

She always knew Mike was different than the rest of them. At first, she wasn't sure why. But now, as the two of them danced, she knew. She knew. She recognized those feelings, those butterflies-in-your-stomach, weak-kneed, giddy feelings. Love. That is when she knew, that Mike, Mike was different, because she was falling in love with Mike.

It's like I'm leaving all my past in silhouettes up on the wall

She had a horrible childhood. To say horrible was even an understatement. But when she was with him, that horrible past was left behind. With him, she focused on the future. With him, her past was far away, a thought in the back of her head, not horrible memories that haunted her at every turn. With him, her past was left behind.

With you, I'm a beautiful mess

She was never normal. She was never composed, or collected, or calm. With him, she was even more of a mess. But those days during those 353 days of torture when she sat alone in her room, desperate to see Mike, were the worst. Those were the days where she had no hope. The days where she was such a mess that she might as well have been scattered all over the floor. But when she was with Mike, it all felt planned. Like a "beautiful oops" as Will called it- a mistake turned into something good. With him, she was a mess, but she was beautiful.

It's like we're standing hand in hand with all our fears up on the edge

She was scared when she was with him. Scared that when she would say or do something wrong, and he would look at her in disgust and

leave. Or worse, that he would never come back again. But those rare moments when they were alone, and they were vulnerable, those were the moments she wanted to last forever. Because they both scared. Scared of what could happen. Scared that they would lose each other. Those moments when they were scared that they would lose each other, those were the moments when they loved each other the most.

So stop time right here in the moonlight

Another moment where she wished that time would stop. Just the two of them, arms wrapped around each other, in their own little bubble, a song playing in the background. Just the two of them.

Cause I don't ever want to close my eyes

She didn't want to close her eyes, out of fear. But a different fear. Not fear that she would be alone, like before. Not fear that she would forget him. No matter how hard she tried, she knew that she could never forget him. But out of fear that if she closed her eyes, when she opened them again, that the moment would be over, and she would be back in Hopper's house. She never wanted this moment to end.

Without you, I feel broke, like I'm half of a whole

With him, she felt... full. Not full as in the opposite of hungry, but full as in the opposite of empty. Healed. Together. Without him, she was empty. Broken. Separated. But now... she had him. And she was happy.

Without you, I've got no hand to hold

With him, she had someone. A shoulder to cry on. Someone to love. A hand to hold. Without him, she had none of it. Without him, she cried alone. Without him, she couldn't love anyone. Without him, she had no hand to hold. Without him, she was empty and alone and cold. With him, she was worthwhile and loved and warm.

Without you, I feel torn, like a sail in a storm

With him, she felt in control of her life. She didn't feel like some leaf being blown around in the wind. With him, she was healing,

mending, from what felt like a hurricane of emotions and longing. With him, she was healing. They were both healing.

-NARRATION-

As she looked down at her shoes, she asked Mike the only thing she knew.

"Still pretty?" she asked, looking up at him through her curls. He smiled at her, and she could see in his eyes she was remembering the first times they had said those words.

"You are perfect," he murmured, as he began to lean closer and closer. He kissed her, softly, and she remembered how much she missed his lips on hers. They broke apart as they rested their foreheads on each other, continuing to move to the music.

"Eleven?" Mike whispered gently.

"Yes?"

"You are always perfect."

-ENDOFNARRATION-

Without you, I'm just a sad song

With him, she was happy. She was healing. She was smiling. There was light. She was one of the happy songs, the kind that made her want to laugh and dance, just like this one. Without him, she was alone. She was broken. She was crying. There was only darkness. She was one of the sad songs, the kind that make you want to curl up and weep. With him, she was happy. Without him, she was a sad song.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAND CUT! OMG! That was soooooooooo looooooong! (At least for me) It's 10:30 right now, I thought I wasn't going to finish this today! But I did! YAAYYYYYYY! By the way, if you haven't noticed, I am a weird human with kind of a big personality. But really, how could you tell? (Wink) I made a discovery today and I am SHOOKETH!

353 days =

3 + 5 + 3 = 11

WHOA! Am I right? But this fic was really bad, so please don't kill me! Constructive criticism is 100% appreciated! But sometimes it would help if you could say something I did well so i can continue to do those things. I am also considering changing my username. You know what? i'm gonna do that right now. Welp, it's a school night, so I better get going!

Byeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Rose